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SPECIAL NOTICE

TO ADVERTISERS,

☞ See 2d Page. ☜

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CHAPTER IX.

NIAGARA!—most stupendous word in existence. Wonder sometimes that 'tis written in only seven letters—have gone 'em over and found 'twas even so. ("'Twasn't-seven's an odd number, WIDOW.)

Have tried in my time great many steep places—been on top Alps—seen towns, valleys, lakes, rivers, Mont Blanc, and thousand beauties mysteriously brought into circle of a field-opera-glass; just as magician of old—Dr. DEE—showed all the diorama of the world in a crystal. Very fine. Climbed once like a reckless boy as I was to tip-top, ultra, uttermost, outside summit of Strasburg Cathedral—and there—at that instant the highest man up stairs in all Europe—looked out on the world—into France, Switzerland, Germany and down on the flocks of storks, sailing over old quaint Strasburg roofs. First rate, no doubt. Been top Mount Vesuvius—could see half of Ancient History from there on its grand route—all sorts high old climbs—but never felt in any of 'em, as did when one fine summer I first lifted eyes up from ground and saw—all of a broad-side-view—all of a second—all in full steam—NIAGARA.

Let it pass—let it pass. Nothing so squawky on the face of this earth, as guide book glory pumped over the big fall. A strong mind feels tremendous power best in burlesque, just as old Romans felt the awful magnitude of their state most in satires. Always fall back myself on the Rackensackian's hymn:

> "Niagara, Nigara!
> I vow you ar' a staggerer
> I am no idle bragger or,
> Unscientific swaggerer,
> But dare the world Niagara
> To beat you—bullyrag-erer!"

BLANCHE DEVILLE had never been at Falls before. Blindfolded her eyes—got into carriage at Cataract House—went over bridge to What dye call it House—a general sort of ice-creamery and Indian curiositery where the people beat anything ever dreamed of in the science of begging custom and boring, but have a first rate "top-side" view of the Old Roarer. Put BLANCHE in proper attitude—unveiled her—watched her long inhalatory stare—it was worth seeing, Good Fellow, in such a wild dream as she was—till she burst out with;

"It's like a proud beautiful woman—isn't it?"

"Good for you—dear!" said WIDOW. "It *is* like a proud beauty—and like yourself. Now *I* think it's like an uncommonly good natured, sparkling, sunshiny, foamy young woman in a round hat. A woman whose tongue goes like its roar from morning to night. A woman full of cheery, queery, roly-poly, drolly notions."

"Well," quoth Captain DICK DAMBANGER—"It always put me in mind of that hard old bone-smashing, tearing swearing devil of a Scotch knight—HELL-IN-HARNESS. Never saw anything remarkably fine that didn't have a touch of him in it.

"I never car' much to analyze my i-deas," said RANDOLPH—"onnly I think of Niagara always, as if it was something higher up in the world, and more aristocratic than anything else, and *knew* it. Then it goes down so *ferociously* self-willed and eternally obstinate, as if it didn't car' a copper for anything, and *would* have its own way——"

"Yes RANDOL—no doubt it's a F. F. W——first family waterfall, to you. Came over with my Lord Cloud who begot the proprietary Seigneur Rain, and so on through the chapter of progenitors till it ended in Nia Gara Esqr—a ve-ry res pec-ta-ble institution. But *don't*, brother DOLPHIN—don't show so much respect for his obstinacy—it's nothing compared to yours. Blasting, boring and damming might turn Niagara—but ne'er a one like you, darling. So on the strength of that, let's travel!"

And I travelled to the edge of Table Rock, and threw self away for a brief season, on the Americanism of the view. Laugh if you like reader—say it's all Fourth of Julying if you please—sail in ye John Bullies—proceed acidulous fruit!—make fun in your own peculiar slanguage at ours—let rip—all sorts of things—you'll never convince me anyhow that THE AMERICAN IDEA—even in absurdities, gasconades and wide spreadings of self (like the old hen-turkey who went it on a hundred and fifty eggs) is not always based on a magnitude, a wild strength, and a secret consciousness of tremendous and fast growing social power which will yet render those follies awful. Man alive—do you know *what* that bitterly sneered at *Americanism* expresses—that untutored, uncouth Hoosier-Orson of a phrase? It took a thousand miles of prairie to grow in—it was watered by thousands upon thousands of miles of a river far deeper and longer, than ever NORSEMAN imagined Hraun the great river of Hell to be. You call it extravagant. Yea, I say unto you and something *more* than extravagant, for its unfathomable grotesqueness expresses the infinite, as well the most labored line in Orphic hymn, and its daring absurdity grew out of a mind which realized that its fatherland lay between two oceans. Oh yes—easy to talk about "American extravagance," as though it were mere result of half teaching, Sophomoric blague, windy nothingness. But somehow though, whether it rips out from stumps, or raves and tears in editorials, this American extravagance WORKS. *Works* better than the collective genius of all Europe, after all. Nerves up the hard-fisted boys, nerves up the capitalist, nerves up everybody, till they vote and build rail-roads and go in strong for "improvements," reforms, caucuses, fighting and all other useful and elegant performances—for they know just as well as I BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL know it, that under the Buncombe there's a great strong *reality*. A very small lump of that reality my good fellow; of that self-conscious strength, would light up a fire which would sweep away all the musty feudal stuff in Europe, and make kings impossible. And it all comes from the tremendous *size* of our havings and holdings. The citizen of a nation which is going some day to own about one quarter of the globe, will be likely to express himself extensively sometimes, whether he do it gracefully or not. Young GARGANTUA, the giantest of all Giant Babies did a naughty foolish thing or two—but it was a *big* thing after all—a very big thing—and required the largest chain cable on the face of the earth to hold him in on it.

And as we refreshed sentiment on Table Rock Captain DICK he spoke:

"You've heard Prof. SANDERSON's story of the darkey who when he first saw Niagara, like to 've split himself laughing. (I used to know SANDERSON, and I've seen the nigger) Well—when I was in Congeress, my uncle old NOTT DAMBANGER came up here and—(BLANCHE where's the opera glass?)—brought along with him an awful nice old darkey who was as down on Irish though, as the devil is on Dutch."

("Beautiful!" quoth WIDOW quietly)

Old NOTT and MOREAU the darkey were standing right here on this rock, exchanging sentiment, when Uncle NOTT naturally enough, asked darkey how he'd like to be pitched over. (Colonel SPITE-DEVIL—I'll trouble you for fire.) Old Buck looked carefully over the edge—sighted it all round—measured up the chances—asked if anybody had ever swum alive out o' dat drink yit—included dey hadn't and then gave in his verdict:

"Mars' DAMBANGER—dat 'd be a mighty bad jump fur me—shouldn't wonder if it tuck me clar off to 'ternal instruction—but I tell you what—if all de Irishers in de country only stud on de edge 'yer—an if my jumpin' down 'd take 'em all down along wid me—I'd go ober sooner'n you could turn an ace."

"Stu-pen-dif-er-ous!" quoth the WIDOW.

Now it just so happened that the tone in which she warbled that *if-er-ous!* was of that musical sort, Miss, which makes every soul in a lively, carrolling revelling sort of a party, feel singy. And as we had been made very singy already by the ever-pouring drone of the water-fall, which like unto a rain sets even birds to vocalizing so unconsciously, BLANCHE sang a *roulade*—and CAPTAIN DICK, he sang too—and ere I knew it WIDOW and RANDOLPH and I were afloat on a trio which we had learned long years before—over the sea in jollie companie. And you good fellows—male or feminile, who

would sing it after us, may remember that it goes to the tune of

The Long, Long, Weary Day,

and is sung deep and strong.

We three from Russia come,
Where all the bricks are 't home,
We three from Russia come,
Where all the bricks are 't home,
Where warm stoves all the winter long are gleaming,
There brandy-wine they spill,
And foaming goblets fill;
Wild songs a-screaming,
And North Lights beaming.

We three from Warsaw come,
There lovely girls are 't home,
We three from Warsaw come,
There lovely girls are 't home,
All through the jolly winter with their dances,
We dance *Krakoviak*,
And smoke right good *tabak!*
The bright eye glances
Like Polish lances.

We three from Prague have come,
The real Bohemian home;
We three from Prague have come,
The real Bohemian home,
There sweetest music winter long is ringing,
There good strong *slibovitz*.
Half drives you into fits,
With sweet girls singing,
To Heaven bringing.

"We sung that once in the roar of the Fall at Schaffhausen!" said WIDOW. "That's what made me pause in Warsaw. Songs and perfumes—nine-tenths of all that goes to the heart in either, come from associations. Oh we had a sweet time to be sure, there!—for we broke down crossing a bridge, and all rolled into the stream together—like TOM BOLIN with his wife and mother. There was COUSIN LOUIS and I—LOU shot down the stream like a feather on a hurricane, with a dozen Dutch after him with boat-hooks—RANDOLPHION there swam like a whale with the hem of my skirts between his teeth, towing me ashore, and BROADWAY—let me see—what was it *he* did!—oh yes—I remember—BROADWAY swam round and round us, giving me Christian lifts when I went under, and preaching like a perfect little Oliver, all sorts of pious things—ending in——n!"

"What NED WILLET of Cairo used to call "slooshin' around," remarked DAMBANGER.

"So they put the boys to bed in one room, and me in another—the partition didn't come quite to the ceiling—and when the natives cleared out, DOLPH was left with hot punch, and I passed some over to me (the fool of a Swiss Doctor thought *I* could come to life on *tisane!!*) So we smoked and sang that song till it must have soaked the very wall about three miles deep in tune. "Well—they heard down in the village, that a party of Americans were dying up at our place—and the clergymen—the *Pfaffs*—came up to pray——"

"As he did at ALBERT PIKE'S death-bed," quoth Captain DICK.

"And the boys got hold of *him* and made him tell them such things! I fell asleep, and I suppose the three *wretches* all got tight together—at least I was woke up at two in the morning by RANDOLPH'S ringing the bell in his usual tight manner, by firing off a revolver, and ordering more punch!—oh! the *lovely* old times!"

"And now let's go to dinner!"

Good hotel at Niagara—famous this twenty years past for its well drilled waiters. Nice place every way—often wonder why people stay month at Saratoga and two days at Falls, when a true love of beauty seems to say "stay forever." Why not? Twenty years later you will be recalling Niagara Falls when the month at Saratoga will have grown dim and mere persons will swim in shadow, and mere *events* will be forgotten. Remember—as you grow older, NATURE becomes your truest friend, and every picture of her which you secured in by-gone days, is transmuted to a solid comfort and a reality. It was a noble thing in the blasée beauty CAROLINE CATALPA that she felt this. "As I grow older and I see faith in Man and Man's imagings," she wrote once to me, "I gain faith in Nature. But what do I mean by nature? Its most intelligible form to me is the blended ideas of Beauty and perfect Liberty."

BLONDIN always mixed up with Niagara in these times—grand spectacle of human folly—richest nut for satirical fools to nibble at, in existence. Right before GOD'S noblest work Harlequin BLONDIN danceth on his rope, crosses amid fire-works—cooks omelettes—runs gimcrackery into the ground, and raises gin-quackery to the skies by drawing customers for taverns—sets off NIAGARA with a saltimbank—alias rope-dance—and in the same spirit shows the human form in its highest physical culture devoted to—monkey-shines! But I err—it is not BLONDIN who does this.—BLONDIN, my dear readers is *quite* right as an individual to earn money. He does his task bravely and well. What I smile over, beloved, is *your* thirst for blood. *You* would not crowd to NIBLO'S to see the HANLONS on the *échelle*

"CAPTAIN DAMBANGER—LOOK ME STRAIGHT IN THE FACE!"

were it near the ground, though they turned never so gracefully. What *you* love—Romans that you are in this—is the delicious possibility of bones being broken and a life lost. It is not a rope dance that you craved to see at NIAGARA, but a Dance of Death Why HOLBEIN'S is nothing to it— — —

[After writing which and reading it with great approbation, I and we all went to see BLONDIN perform, and were immensely delighted.]

"When I was head-chief of the *Poono-winkey-wang* nation"—began Captain DICK as he looked at BLONDIN.

"What!!" cried WIDOW.

"Of the *Poo-no-winkey-wangs*, they had a custom that whoever could hang longest by one leg on a tight rope, looking at the sun, should become a grand Holy Man, and a second class ruler.

"And was that the way you electioneered.'

"No—I was heap big Injun, and head devil. Whenever any man in the tribe dreamed that he'd smoked a pipe with the Great Spirit, and swapped knives with him, he at once came huckleberry over the persimmons of the second class boys, and was *pre*moted to be captain. Well—after I'd lived about a week in the tribe, and had got a few nice wives and begun to be popular—"

"Goodness alive, do hear the man!" cried the WIDOW whose eyes were beginning to gleam gloriously and merrily at Captain DICK.

"I began to think it might pay if I could dream of having a smoke with the General. So I begun to cultivate the art of talking in my sleep. It was very queer—wasn't it?—that I always talked Injun and about my wives? Of course the dear creatures got into the habit of laying awake all night to listen."

"Captain DAMBANGER—look me straight in the face!" exclaimed WIDOW. He did it—and never winked.

"One night there was a grand yell in the streets of the romantical Injun village of Slamarang. Horns a-blowing, fires a-blazing, dogs a-barking, conch-shells snorting, guns firing, Injines a-howling, thunder broke loose generally speaking, and miscellaneous things let rip promiscuously. In the midst of the shindango were my lovely wives crying out, "he has dreamed it—he has dreamed it—he has gone and done it—he has!"

"They elected me. Only one or two cute old disappointed candidates kicked up a row. I summoned 'em up in grand council—

gave 'em each a real Havana cigar—told 'em to puff it. Ask'd 'em if any Injun ever had such tobacco? Caved. Showed 'em bowie knife with a German silver handle, and asked if any man in the tribe ever saw or heard of such magnificence? Caved again—owned that Spirit knew what that he was about when he was after 'them' cigars and 'those' knife. Reigned in peace ever after.

"Delicious!" cried WIDOW. "I *do* love a good story so."

"And it is true every word," quoth DICK. "I've got the knife yet."

"And the wives too?"

Captain DICK pulled his hat over his face—rammed his spy-glass into his pocket and stroke gloomily along—smoking slowcomotively—as overcome by dark and conflicting memories. Captain—*amigo mio* you are a brave heart and a great boy. Where are you now—where will these lines meet your unflinching eye? 'By sea or sounding shore?' In Maryland or at Whidah in Guinea—in Brazil or the Azores—*tra os montes* or 'tother side of Jordan? R. S. V. P? And while thus doing up my private correspondence in public type permit me to state to the curious and dainty wording CLARA, that my friends of these sketches are *all* realities. Real to me at least—real to my heart and love—though their types may no more recognize them at first sight than did Zoroaster of old, ere Babylon was dust, when he one spirit morn;

"Met his own shadow walking in the garden."

A NEW FEATURE IN THE HOME JOURNAL.

Please imagine the condition of mind the *Home Journal* reader must have been in last week, at finding this paragraph, evidently intended for the "Personal" column of the *Herald*, inserted among the "Mere Mention" items of his favorite paper:—

To GERTRUDE.

"Base envy withers at another's praise,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach."

What "GERTRUDE," in the abstract, has to do with "base envy" is not so apparent here as we could wish. Neither are we at all satisfied as to who the said "GERTRUDE" is, or why she should "have anything agin" a certain excellence, which she herself couldn't equal. The head and the body of this paragraph, it strikes us, fail to connect. Why, for instance, would it not be every whit as sensible to go on for a column or so, connecting insinuating quotations with proper names? Then our eyes would be gladdened by "Personals" like the following.

To AUGUSTUS.

"Allow me to observe,
That he who, save in kindness, lays his hand upon a woman,
Is unworthy of the name of man."

To ELIZA ANN.

Not so deep a maim
As to be cast in the common air
Have I deserved."

To EBENEZER.

"And there as I wont to hight
Arcite Now hight I Philostrat."

To ARAMINTA.

"Ever of thee I fondly dreaming"—and so forth.

But, seriously, Messrs. MORRIS & WILLIS had better look after their young man. If he is allowed to go on, and make the *Home Journal* the medium for *all* his private correspondence, not only the readers of that clever sheet, but poor Postmaster DIX into the bargain, will suffer terribly.

One Righteous Man shall save the City.

A pious correspondent of the two Hemispheres has seen a Meteor—and it struck him thus:

Such a beautiful, mysterious spectacle, I have never witnessed before, and never expect to see again, at least this side the walls of that city that hath no need of the sun, nor of the moon to shine in it.

"D." calculates that *he*, at least, is going to "shine in it," whether the sun and moon do or not. We wish him, however, a more brilliant "shine" in *it* than he is capable of displaying here.

Where are the Police?

Think of receiving such a thing as the following with the thermometer at 90.

Why will Buchanan's administration on the 4th of March be like a missile? It will be through (threw.)

Legislative Moderation.

The Golden Mean.

THE ARLINGTON TOURNAMENT, IN OLD VIRGINIA.

O! POMP, another julep,
And mind you make it strong;
And CATO hold my helmet—
And now for the Warrior's song.

II.
Now blest be the tobacco
Which brought me in the tin,
With which I bought my horse and arms,
And thus went in to win.

III.
And blessed be the Honey Dew
Which had the real game twang,
Drawn through a bee log gingerly—
It nerved me up slam bang!

IV.
And blessings on my horse Gim Crack,
The real old Medley breed,
Dam'd by fleet Ariel as you know,
Ha! that's the kind of steed!

V.
I wish you could have seen me there
Upon my gallant grey,
The way the dust and dirt flew round
Was rather tall, you'd say.

VI.
I knocked the other knights all cold,
They couldn't ride with me,
And bore the *Wired Scepter off,
And crowned the Queen, d'ye see.

VII.
What ho, through the tobacco fields,
What ho, throughout the corn,
I'm victor of the field, I am
And so I'll blow my horn.

VIII.
Another julep!—Here's a toast,
"Long live the sentimental,
Long may we turn a mental eye
Upon the Tournamental."

*Vide Washington Star.

The Last Stage Direction.

Time 1870. Enter passenger car right—exit the last omnibus left.

SPHERICAL VIRTUE.

UR odd-fish cotemporary the *World*, gasping spasmodically for more virtue and that of a purer quality than the article by which it is at present represented, came out, lately, with the following severe allusion to "that horrid *Tribune*."

"One of our sensation cotemporaries yesterday astonished its readers with a disgusting relation purporting to be a confession of the notorious MARY GURNEY, who fled from the home of her husband, the member of parliament from Lynn-Regis, with her groom, WILLIAM TAYLOR! And the "confession" had a companion-piece in a corresponding editorial.

Well, if the "confession had a companion-piece in a corresponding editorial in the *Tribune*, and if such a course appears to the *World* to be objectionable, on what principle is it that the latter has thus assisted in the promulgation of the "disgusting relation" referred to? The *World* appears to us to be a very incousistent old sphere; for, zealous as it professes to be in the suppression of the joyous cake and the spicy nut-brown ale, it has, in the above hysterical little paragraph, hung out a very prominent sign by which its readers have undoubtedly been attracted to the Horatian free-love hostelry in which the forbidden articles in question are so temptingly served up. Only look at "MARY GURNEY," the little bit which we have quoted from the *World!* Doubtless the spherical Tartuffe had his mind greatly pervaded by "MARY," as he penned the paragraph—thought she mightn't look so bad with her hair plain—then conceived of her as she might look with it down in ringlets—but finally concluded to give her to us in Caps. And he has been and gone and done it—or overdone it, we should rather have said, for he has conferred a similar typographical distinction upon the "paltry groom," WILLIAM TAYLOR. And so people have gone to the *Tribune* for "cakes and ale" they might never have thought of, perhaps, but for the catering instinct of the *World*, while the latter stands in the rather equivocal relation of "Sir Pandarus of Troy" to the naughty people who like to know how MARY looks in Caps. Well, "there's some fun in the World after all!"

Meanwhile the jovial old *Tribune* after informing its friend in its usual tip-a-winkey reprobate manner that the letter was a *leetle* the spiciest, raciest, fastest and nastiest thing they ever *did* read, and in fact, utterly abominable in every aspect, sticks the following document every morning up at the head of its editorial column

Mrs. Gurney's Letter.

Persons who were unable to obtain our Daily edition of last Friday, will find Mrs. Gurney's letter in our Semi-Weekly edition, at 10 o'clock this morning. Price five cents.

What a genial lot we are all round to be sure!

Vanity Fair as Reviewer.

In a recently-published novel of the romantic school, we come across this passage:

"EDWARD MONTRESSOR then knotted the sash about his manly frame, and strode off towards the public square.

From which any reader not naturally gifted, as we are, might imagine that EDWARD MONTRESSOR was in the Sash and Frame business. Even in that case the mind is at once set to rest as to the commercial honesty of EDWARD, it being evident from the determined manner in which he walked off, that he intended to Do Things On the Square.

NICE AND COOL.

The Rev. SYDNEY SMITH once expressed the desire, the occasion being a very hot day in summer, to "take off his flesh and sit in his bones." An American journalist, whom modesty forbids us to mention by name, thought that to "knock the marrow out of one's bones and have a cool draught through," would be a better thing to do. These, when the mercury in the thermometer is among the nineties, and like an avaricious parent, refuses to Come Down, are very pleasing fancies to entertain, but we have never yet heard of any one resolving them into facts. It is only within the last month, indeed, that any approach to either of these processes has been made. The frequenters of Red Hook Point, South Brooklyn, are entitled to the credit of this first attempt. These persons, according to the *Tribune*, are in the habit, every afternoon and evening, of first removing all their clothes and *then stripping themselves*, whether as to skin or flesh we know not.

If any of our readers are inclined to doubt these statements we boldly refer them to the following paragraph taken from a recent issue of *The Daily Railsplitter*:—

The police in South Brooklyn deserves severe censure for not enforcing the laws against bathing and swimming in the bay. All along Red Hook Point the residents are annoyed and women are compelled to abandon their afternoon and evening walks on the beach, by reason of the presence of *naked men and boys, who drive there in carriages, and strip themselves in* plain sight, and within fifty yards of dwelling-houses.

Jesting aside, to dress as thinly as possible this hot weather is every one's most natural wish, but when "naked men and boys" drive to Red Hook Point, or any other place and *then* "strip themselves in plain sight," we think it is going a little too far. Travelling about in a carriage and a state of perfect nudity, is not to be strongly recommended, on the score of public decency at any time, but when the "men and boys," who do such things, indulge, additionally, in personal excoriation, "within fifty yards of dwelling-houses," the scene becomes too revolting and we are glad the *Tribune* has called the attention of the police to the circumstance.

Did He, Though.

From the *Herald's* correspondence on the Prince of Wales, which is just now especially charming, we take the following choice *morceau* apropos of the Newfoundland dog that was presented to The Most High, Puissant and Illustrious Prince Albert Edward, Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Coburg and Gotha, Great Steward of Scotland, Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Earl of Chester, Carrick and Dublin, Baron Renfrew and Lord of the Isles, K. G.:—

"The Prince said that he was delighted with his dog, and that he had been wishing for just such a dog during his passage from England. He remarked that he would like to give the dog a name, which would please the people of Newfoundland—some name connected with the history of the island. Chief Justice Brady suggested "Avalon." The Prince replied that this was the name of but one portion of the colony, and that he should call his dog "Cabot," after the discoverer of Newfoundland. The gentlemen present seemed no less surprised than delighted at this display of the Prince's knowledge of their colonial history, and exchanged looks of profound admiration."

This at once suggests the anxious question: What, in case so distinguished a person as The Most High, Puissant and Illustrious Prince Albert Edward, Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Earl of Chester, Carrick and Dublin, Baron of Renfrew and Lord of the Isles, K. G., had condescended to learn, in his school-days, that two and two make four, or that the world revolves on its axis once every twenty-four hours, and had "displayed" his "knowledge" of those important facts, what, we repeat, *would* have been the "surprise," "delight" and "profound admiration" of "the gentlemen present?"

A Prompt Answer.

A violent little fire-eating paper, called the *Locomotive*, published in Georgia somewhere drops politics and lets off this fervent aspiration:

On last Sabbath the different congregations of our city offered up prayer to Almighty God for rain. To-day, (Monday,) rain has been sent. The question is, did the rain come in answer to prayer? *And we will hereby, return our most hearty thanksgiving*, as we believe all good people ought to do, *to the Almighty*. Nor would we forget to bless our different ministers for their intercession at the throne of mercy.

While its steam was up, the *Locomotive* ought to have prayed for the immediate advent of disunion, a mild little measure for which it hungers and thirsts. Perhaps the answer would have been as speedy in one case as in the other—who knows?

STARTLING DISCLOSURES.

Succulent old person (reads.)—"ALCOHOLISM, AS A DISEASE, IS NOW RAPIDLY ASSUMING A PLACE IN NOSOLOGICAL CLASSIFICATIONS. THE TERM IS APPLIED TO THE COLLECTIVE SYMPTOMS OF A DISORDERED CONDITION OF THE PHYSICAL AND MENTAL ORGANIZATION, FROM THE USE OF ALCOHOL. THE CHIEF FEATURES OF THE DISEASE ARE: A VIOLET NOSE, TREMULOUS LIPS, AND (skips to a wrong column) WHITE HAT AND SPECTACLES!"

Served him Right.

From a recent telegram in the *Tribune* we take this extract:

"*The States* of to-day has an article upon Gen. JOHN A DIX, denouncing him as a serf of JAMES BUCHANAN.'

We don't blame *The States* a bit for pitching into our new Post-master; any one, now-a-days, who is weak enough to be BUCHANAN'S Serf ought to look out for BREAKERS.

No harm done.

The Reverend Dr. CHEEVER is in London. The Duchess of Sutherland and Exeter Hall lift up their voice in jubilation. They have got a fine specimen of the real live unadulterated ultra abolitionist, who is busy in exploiting theories and opinions which Americans do *not* entertain. The echoes of his ravings reach us across the water. Fortunately they are harmless. It is happy that the reverend incendiary, although a CHEEVER, cannot be an achiever.

The Political Seventeen year Locusts.

It is an extraordinary fact that many venerable names, supposed to be underground, deposited there about the year 1844, are now appearing upon the political surface. What can have brought them out of their holes? Do they see anything green "about" now?

A Welch Rarebit.

Why was the PRINCE OF WALES, during his voyage up the St. Lawrence, like HERR CHARLTON in his "comic stilt dance," at NIXON'S?

Because, according to the *Herald* reporter, he was very funny upon the *Styx*.

Indeed!

In CHAUCER'S time, BIBLIOPHILUS informs us, the practice of calling people names was carried to a great Hight.

A STORY THAT CARRIES ITS OWN LESSON.

A kind friend has sent VANITY FAIR a copy of a new quarterly publication, which the V. F. discovers to be very funny. It is *The Plantation*, a journal printed in New-York for one TURNER, who appears to be the Editor, and hails from Georgia. The *Plantation* aforesaid is bulky and rather handsome-looking; but its inside is worse than the outside, just as a Broadway swell is a valuable article when you regard his equipment, but sometimes mean and empty as regards brains. The particular TURNER who edits this book, is an unskillful turner—a mechanic who doesn't know his business, but trips himself up and spoils his raw material wilfully.

For the sake of seeing how a man *can* forget himself, regard the following:

From the Prospectus of "The Plantation," (on the cover.)

"The special feature of this journal will be *a defence of Negro Slavery, total, unqualified, unreserved,* in a moral, social and political point of view. . . . . Such being the case, the Editor proposes to defend the institution of Slavery from the attacks made upon it, let them come from what quarter soever they may."

From the Editor's Table of the Plantation, (same number.)

"We would prefer to have our printing and publishing done in Georgia, if the same facilities could be obtained here as in New-York. *Everybody knows that we have no regular publishing house in Georgia.* If we avail ourself of the cheapness of Northern labor and material, and the facilities which Northern publishers have to make a magazine live *nolens volens*, it is *in order to prevent our journal from sharing the death which has heretofore generally been allotted to Southern magazines.*"

VANITY FAIR suggests that these parallel columns don't read well together. Mr. TURNER ought to have omitted his prospectus when he published that paragraph in the Editor's Table. The commentary is altogether too potent to be of any service to the righteous cause of The Goose!

Mr. TURNER! it was injudicious of you. Don't do so any more. Some unreasonable Abolitionist will be saying by-and-by, that your pet hobby, by your own acknowledgement, dwarfs everything in its neighborhood, and that Georgia cannot be very much enlightened, even if she *is* one of the righest of the States, when you are driven to make such fatal admissions. TURNER! it was unwise of you!

A Favorable Notice.

We welcome among our new exchanges a lovely little sheet, which hails from away down towards the setting sun. The *Messilla Miner* pops up among the hills of Arizona, with its editor plucky though unshaved, and enthusiastic though seedy. Hear his description of himself:

"Imagine us standing before you, our slouch hat, seedy from a recent trip over the plains, placed humbly under our arm, our hair a stranger to barber's shears since we left the States, our beard long unacquainted with a razor, our garrotte collar, wilted and soiled with vile dust, our flannel shirt faded and seedy at the elbows, (once a beautiful blue) trousers, oh! we will not mention them."

There's a picture for the Counter-jumper! Our cotemporary of the *Miner* is a Major. Long life to him!

Truly Sorrowful.

The following article appears in a late Liverpool journal:

"A number of deaths are unavoidably postponed."

We have long been aware that "Disappointment follows Life," but in England it would seem it dogs even the footprints of "*pallida Mors.*"

"The Ebony Idol"

The everlasting nigger.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

PHOTOGRAPHERS VISITING THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS WOULD DO WELL TO ABANDON THE USE OF THE "BAG TENT" IN LOCALITIES WHERE THERE IS A CHANCE OF HOSTILE INDIANS BEING ABOUT.

WHEREABOUTS AND WHATABOUTS OF OUR ARTISTS.

VAN BEEST. (*marine genre.*) This talented artist is we are informed, passing the summer out on a raft, following in the wake of the Great Eastern; painting a Panorama of her to be exhibited at BARNUM'S, for the benefit of those who had not enough of her on the excursion. Admission 25 cts.

JARVIS. (*historical portraiture.*) Has retired for the season to a cave in the 9th Ward, where he is busy with his Gallery of the *Distinguée* and at present hard at work on a full-length of "His Satanic Majesty," from a Photograph by FREDERICKS. His next commission is His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

ELLIOTT. (*Portrait.*) Last heard of in Hoboken, taking "The World Easy."

SAINTIN. (*Pastel*) This sensitive and celebrated artist of the "*Zouaves de la Garde Imperiale,*" *et Les Turcos et les Chasseurs d'Afrique,*" was we regret to hear so bored by the Chicago Drill that he has been under the hands of his physician ever since. Case considered hopeless, as he constantly exclaims: "Zouäve me—or I perish!"

SONNTAG. (*paysage.*) Last seen on the summit of the Blue Ridge, hitting off turkey-buzzards on the wing.

CARL MULLER. (*sculptor.*) Staying in a wind mill in Harlaem. Busy at a statue of the "What Is It?"

G. L. BROWN. (*paysage.*) Roaming about *en commis voyageur*, doing New-York *a la* Rome on commission—for H. W. BEECHER.

DELISSARD. (*game.*) Feeding those "chickens." As DELISSARD is no fool, he never counts them before them are hatched.

GIGNOUX. (*paysage.*) Has been passing the dog-days on the summit of Grace Church, with an opera-glass, gathering pretty *morceaux* for his next phenomena.

CHURCH. (*paysage.*) Gone up in a balloon to paint the meteor, for Lieut. MAURY, U. S. N.

HICKS. (*portrait.*) Of, with his pupils on that "bit of a farm"—digging potatoes and taking a profile of nature.

EASTMAN JOHNSON. (*pöesie d' Afrique.*) Getting up another Shindig-*a la mode de* Sich a gittin up Stars!

DE HAAS. (*marine genre.*) Brewing storms like a Mother Cary's own Chicken. Last heard of at Cony Island—*da liegt der Haas im Pfeffer.*

The Brothers HART. (*paysage*) Harts in the Highlands, the HARTS are not here, they're off in the Highlands a chasin' the *dear.*

TAIT. (*Game.*) Our genial friend TAIT will pass the breezy autumn in Philadelphia, making studies of broiled reed-birds, stewed terrapins, bear steak, with peach jelly, and other varieties of *game*, found in great perfection in that wild region.

WHITLEY. (*paysage.*) Passing the Summer at Hoboken, and, as we learn from the *Circuit Judge*, is sketching the electric wires.

King Herod in New York.

And the great city sweltered in the sun
And in their stifling homes the infants died;
Was there no voice these solemn words to teach,
Parents! there's Croton water in your reach!
All else was taught them save this one great truth.
And thus for want of one kind word to save,
King Herod DIRT! dug every little grave!

The Wife's Portion.

"And what shall *I* be?" asked a little dame,
Whose spouse is "running" for a Governor's name,
"Why *you*," quoth John, "if words have any force,
You'll be, my dear, a governess of course!"

SETTLING VEXATION BY ANNEXATION.

JOHN BULL.—My dear Boy, if it comes to the worst, you'll see your Old Dad out of this plaguy French business, won't you?
JONATHAN.—Well—can't say without seeing the boys first; I tell you what though—s'pose we ANNEX you, that'll settle this business right away!

THE FINE YOUNG ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

NOW all New-Yorkers listen and a story I'll relate
Of a fine Young English Gentleman who comes to see your State—
With a dozen noble fellows that call themselves his suite,
And a score or two of lackies, who unfortunately are not black, for if they were, they wouldn't be called by such names but be the equals of every Englishman you meet.

This fine young English Gentleman head of the British Line.

Now this fine young English Gentleman they call the Prince of Wales,
Who is coming for a bit of fun, and intends to have a large slice of it, that is if he don't get sick, or his constitution fails,
And when he comes to New-York the best thing we can do
Is to take him to the Battery, head him North, put a directory in his hand, and gently put him through.
This fine, &c.

And when he comes to Trinity Church let him get upon the steeple.
And the vestry men if they understand themselves, and we believe they do; will put the British flag over that "What is It" opposite Pine-street, which will please the Prince, "you know," perhaps it will the people,
And when he looks down Wall-street, and sees the Bulls and Bears,
Seeking whom they may devour, tell him not to be frightened, that they are very harmless kind of animal if you only smooth the fur in the right way, then if he is not dizzy, take him kindly down the stairs.
This fine, &c.

Before you go to BARNUM's let me give you some advice,
To take him to the Astor House and mix him something nice.
A mint julip or a smasher, I care not what it be,
So it fortifies the nerves against the wonders that he'll see.
This fine, &c.

The Feejee Mermaid "snaikes" and fish, perhaps the woolly horse,
With BARNUM at the head of all, Oh! he'll be there of course,
With many other nondescripts that are very hard to beat.
Oh! don't forget to take him there, 'twill be a jolly treat.
For this fine, &c.

Then fetch him to the City Hall and introduce the Mayor,
And all the other gentlemen, if any should be there,
Then let him see the Central Park, that great and glorious show,
And vote him the freedom of the city before you let him go.
This fine, &c.

In going next up Broadway, as I suppose he must,
If the streets are not quite as clean as they *usually are*, tell him that the Japanese and another little trifle that came over lately on a visit, kicked up such a disturbance that we havn't been able up to date, to come down with the dust;
And that it is not settled even yet—but as he can plainly see,
To do as we do, let him go it blind, should he get upon a spree—
This fine, &c.

Then next upon the programme—the best thing you can do
Will be to start him down at Washington Square, behind a fast crab, and drive him the everlasting length of the great Fifth Avenue.
And if his mind will bear the thing, he'll probably admit
That though he's been pretty considerable of a traveller he *never* did, anywhere between July and Jerusalem come across a street which was the faintest circumstance of a priming compared unto it.
This fine, &c.

So when you've dined and wined him in this country of the free,
And shown him how we spread ourselves in the air of liberty,
And put three or four original notions of gentlemanly independence into his head, you may permit him to retire,
But beg him to draw his newly acquired accomplishments very mild at first, before his Ma, for fear if he should come out all at once in a full blaze of American glory, she would probably expire.
This fine, young English gentleman head of the British Line.

THE REAL HORRORS OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

Dear Vanity Fair:—

Now that that dreadful ship, the Great Eastern has left our shores, let me briefly reveal the *true* horrors which occurred during her second trip.

On ascending the ship's side by the well known 2,189 steps, we were seized one by one, gagged, ironed, and placed between decks, while our brutal captors appropriated our coats and hats, and returning to the deck cheered in answer to our friends on shore, as we were going down the harbor. When we had passed the Narrows we were released and made to sweep and holystone the whole of the vast length of the deck, while the ladies were compelled to mend sails, scrub the passage floors, and wash the clothes of officers and men.

Omitting many minor events I pass on to supper-time when we were driven below where the floor was covered in the most shocking manner with revolting provisions which were at once gathered up in coal shovels and dust-pans and served at the moderate charge of $11,50 a pound. I ventured to lead in a general expression of indignation, when we were at once seized by the brutal and infuriated crew, headed by the officers and hurried on deck. I was immediately lashed to the chain-cable and keel-hauled twice, by COXE in person. The remainder of the passengers were then treated in the same way, with the exception of the ladies and the reporter of the *World*.

This operation produced a most excruciating thirst which we were compelled to assuage by means of bilge water at $1,00 per glass.

We were now permitted to drag mattresses on deck, and betake ourselves to rest. Those who were not able to obtain a place under the awnings or other shelter (*quorum pars fui*) were somewhat annoyed by the falling of cinders of a size ranging from that of a paving stone to a large loaf of bread. They were for the most part red-hot, and falling constantly, tended to prevent sleep, especially when coming in contact with the head.

Towards morning the eighty-ton anchor was dragged over us by some of the hands with savage curses and jibes. This waked us. We were then told that the coal had given out and were forced to go below and, taking hold of the shafts were compelled to work the machinery by hand. At the earliest opportunity we were ordered on deck and a meeting was called where we had to suscribe to a set of resolutions drawn up by the Captain. These have been published. We were also compelled to take oath of secrecy as to the manner in which we were treated. I have just discovered that the form of oath used was the same as that by which Aldermen are sworn in. I therefore have concluded that it is right for me to make this revelation, said oath not being of course binding. Q. E. D. Some of the most terrible details I have omitted as too harrowing for ears polite, such, for instance, as the fact that we were in the early part of the night, the (ship having been stopped for the purpose,) lashed to the paddles and to the blades of the screw.

The vessel then proceeded on her course for ten miles when we were released, after revolving in this excruciating manner. This was done to those of us who refused to abjure our denominational religious performances and swear allegiance to the Established Church. The reporter of the *World* was one of the first to yield.

Quod testor

ERASMUS JACKSON, D. D.

Pastor of Baptist Church, Pigwackett Centre. Late of Y. C., et Harv, et Dart, et Arch.

Con. By a Victimized Engineer.

Why was the GREAT EASTERN a failure as a propeller?
Because it had a villanous "set" in its (s)crew.

ANOTHER INTRODUCTION BY LORD BROUGHAM.

Noble old Brougham in the House of Peers, recently observed, "I beg leave to call the attention of your Lordships to the fact that there is here present one of the blessed objects of benevolent England's home-made charity, a white specimen, may it please your Lordship. Stand up THOMAS!"

(*Thomas stands up. Roars of laughter and cheering.*)

THOMAS.—Ees I be Tummus—an I be a man an a broother too—vor all I beent black eno quoite vor Muster Punch, and sich loike.

(*Immense cheering, during which the Lord Chancellor rolls off from the woolsack in a fit of delirious laughter.*)

SOUND ON THE GOOSE.

From the *Tribune* of the 8th inst., we clip the following:

CORRECTION.—In the report of Mr. LEE's remarks on the Japanese swindle in the Common Council last week, he is made to say: "The greatest *liar* would have known, &c." The word should be "tyro" instead of "liar." The mistake was occasioned by the similarity of sound in the two words."

Now, that we think of it, "tyro" and "liar" do sound remarkably alike, quite as much as "rhinoceros" and "beans," for instance.

But, seriously, if the *Tribune* allows that reporter to go about much, just think what a condition of things we shall have in our public meetings! When the elegant BRADY, JAS. T. of course, at the coming dinner to the Baron ROTHSCHILD, alludes to the guest as "the financial ruler of nations"—and he will be sure to do it—the *Tribune* man, next morning, will make him stigmatize that opulent person as "the meanest old hunks in all creation;" Archbishop HUGHES' next oratorical effort, as heard by the *Tribune* reporter will contain a graceful tribute to the journalistic ability and personal worth of Mr. RAYMOND, of the *Times;* and when the amiable HORACE himself addresses the Rail-splitter's Battalion, we shall find in the festive sheet over which he is popularly supposed to preside, that he spoke of WASHINGTON HUNT, and the Messrs. BROOKS, JAMES and ERASTUS, in the highest terms, characterizing them as "gentlemen who, though differing from him in politics, he had ever found high-minded and courteous in all their dealings, and too noble to stoop to the miserable chicaneries which now form so common a feature in the discussion of public affairs."

!!!

If the *Tribune* reporter hath ears to hear, let him hear this thing and take warning.

The Valet of the Shadow of Death.
The undertaker.

PRINCE vs. PUGILIST.

What with hourly announcements of "Movements of the Prince of Wales" and "Movements of the Champion," our mind is gone to chaos. We feel that our phrenological developments are not equal to the emergency, and fear lest destructiveness may get the better of all other bumps, and prevail at last, unless something timely is done to suppress the reporters. If asked to give a synopsis of our reading of this morning's paper we couldn't do it, because yesterday's announcements are still at play all over the interior of our head, tripping each other up somewhat in the following style.

"On Monday, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales dressed himself in a plain, loose morning suit of drab, with a straw hat, in which, (the hat, of course,) he went ashore. Mr. AARON JONES, who is very stout, wore a flesh colored silk shirt and flannel drawers, but the Duke of NEWCASTLE, who never leaves the Prince's left hand, put his right into the face of Professor ORTIGNON, a remarkably corpulent person who would do well to remember that his royal ancestor lost this magnificent country forever, by boxing in at the wrong time, which ended in a rally and a fall, in which the Boston Champion was uppermost. The Prince is a bright, cheerful, pleasant-looking young fellow. He has a clear, honest eye, and but very little of the bull-pup appearance for which the gentlemen of the P. R. are, in general, eminently distinguished. While the inhabitants of Gaspé were gazing at their future king, the Earl of ST. GERMAINS persisted in climbing on to the platform inside the rope, from which he was summarily ejected by JIM HUGHES, the ring-keeper who sent him sailing over the sea of crowd below like a *Flying Fish*, which steamer is engaged as *avant courrier*, to the Prince of Wales on the same principle that the smaller fishes of the deep always keep well ahead of the big ones, lest they should come to grief. After having indulged himself with a sponge bath, that ornament of the New York bar, Mr. E. BLANKMAN, presented a letter and ring to J. C. HEENAN, Esq., who, in a modest speech, said his royal mother should know all about it when he wrote. More cheering followed this announcement; after which, a hard looking customer with a sore hand, and a misanthropic aspect, who turned out to be NED PRICE, of Boston, said that, being a Welchman himself, he hoped that Gen. WINFIELD SCOTT, who was present, would allow the committee for arranging a welcome to the PRINCE OF WALES, to have the use of his valuable name; to which, according to the *Tribune* reporter, Gen. SCOTT replied, "Very well, thank you, sir."

A CHOICE BIT FOR EXETER HALL.

The London daily *Telegraph* of July 20th, says, that in about thirty prisons in England, within the past three years, "seven hundred and ninety one white people have been lashed!" In the county prison at Dorset, seventy two lashes were inflicted on one prisoner, and sixty on another. Forty eight lashes were inflicted on a man fifty three years of age!

We are authorized to say by SIMON LEGREE, Esq., that at the present time he is sadly in want of a few stalwart nigger drivers, who are somewhat acquainted with this civillized mode of correction, as practiced in English prisons, and that an early application to him addressed to Uncle Tom's Cabin will meet with a ready response. In order that they may be fully qualified, upon their return to their native soil, to practically illustrate the horrors of white slavery, a few courses of bloodhound exercises will be given to them free of expense. He flatters himself that, taking into consideration the present extraordinary proficiency of these white monsters, he will be enabled to return them to Exeter Hall, in a few years thoroughly educated in their noble profession, and that they then will be fully able to give many lectures upon the horrors of slavery in the United States, practically illustrated with the aid of white convicts and paupers, which will be fully appreciated by the saints of Exeter Hall, and be received with laughter and cheers by an intelligent and refined audience of fine old English gentlemen. It is to be hoped, however, that at such delivery Lord BROUGHAM will not fail to be present and introduce Doctor Delaney.

An Ark-æological Joke.

A French Savant has recently deciphered an inscription, found upon a column exhumed in Nineveh, which disproves the historical accuracy of an expression said to have been made by LOUIS 14th, do. 15th, Madame POMPADOUR, Madame DU BARRY, and various other reprobates of the 18th century, showing that the true author of it was NOAH, who made it when giving his reason for taking up his abode in the Ark. There is a rude illustration accompanying it, representing a man hastily entering the doorway of a semi-aquatic building, but bowing politely, and beneath him the inscription, After me—the deluge!

GLORIOUS GAME.

Horror-stricken parent.—Good Gracious, Frederick! What *have* you been doing to yourself?"

Enthusiastic Base Ball player.—Ah! we've had such a glorious game down on our grounds! One fellow broke his leg—besides two sprained arms, and no end of spiked feet and bad fingers!"

Letter from an Old Friend.

Nowhere-in-Particular. Aug. 18th 1860.

Dear Vanity:—You remember that line of advice in one of Longfellow's poems directing people to—

"Suffer and be strong."

Well, its all nonsense. It can't be done. Tell Longfellow so. Tell everybody else so, too. I know, for I've tried it. I've "suffered" for years, and I'm not "strong" yet. And, what's more, I never expect to be. Yours,

Boarding-House Tea.

A Timely Suggestion.

Our Authorities in N. Y. are, or seems to be, puzzled as to the disposal of the Japanese donation to the Police. Where's the hitch? We confess we don't see it. For it seems to us, that howsoever they may divide it among the 'force,' the result will be of advantage to the city, from the fact that the men will get *so much ahead in the discharge of their duties.* No charge made for the hint.

Conundrum.

Why is J. B. a greater man than Abe Lincoln?

Because the former split a party, while the latter only split a rail.

Remark by our Sporting Editor.

(All very fine, but splits don't count in the game for the player.)

Political Paradox.

It has been noticed by political sign-watchers that in the precise ratio that a Candidate Comes Down his prospects Come Up.

Innocent Lambs.

The London *Post* of July 21, in speaking of the Wakefield bribery case, in which a verdict of guilty was rendered against Mr. W. H. Leatham (late M.P. for Wakefield) observes;

"The report, after exposing a history of wholesale corruption which is almost without a parallel in the electional annals of this country, declared that the two candidates had been guilty of bribery. Under these circumstances, the House of Commons, influenced by a regard for its own honor and purity, could not afford to pass without notice and condemnation the flagrant malpractice which the Wakefield inquiry had disclosed. Honorable gentlemen, naturally indignant, night after night called upon the Attorney General—the prosecutor on the part of the public—to put the law in force. This cry was re-echoed by the press."

So far, so good, but lo, these "Honorable Gentlemen" suddenly "discovered that the penalties which the law affixed to the offence of bribery, were *unnecessarily* severe, and so these innocent lambs, most of whom, no doubt have some pitch upon their wool also, if the truth could only be known, "appealed to the Attorney General to drop legal proceedings, and thus, in effect, to compound a misdemeanor," which he very properly refused to do, alleging that "the ignorance of the penalties of the law was theirs, not his."

It is possible that Earl Gray has not read the papers, or perhaps he may be as little familiar with the venialities of his own countrymen, as the "Honorable gentlemen of the House of Commons" are with the laws enacted by them; but really, if it is not asking too much from his Lordship, could he not favor the men and brethren of this benighted region with another speech illustrative of this charming state of things in the political Arcadia, as a companion piece to his glowing picture of American Legislative Corruption?

Illustration of Demand and Supply.

The scissors maker's shop in the basement of the *Sun* building.

HOW VERY FUNNY.

As murder has become a subject of pleasantry now-a-days, s homicidal jokes will, we suppose, soon find their way in every family. If they do, Vanity Fair advises every one to follow the suggestion in the advertisement and "Get the Best." "The Best" may be procured at the watering-place of Long Branch, N. J. At Long Branch, N. J., the people amuse themselves, as it appears, by getting up bogus murders, "just for the joke of the thing." There is nothing easier. Marks as of a scuffle are made in the sand near the hotel, a club smeared with clots of blood and of hair is left on the ground, bloody footsteps trace the way to the water's edge, and—the curtain is ready to rise upon the farce. The community is then agonized in the most approved ludicrous manner for two or three days, at the end of which time the whole affair is found out to be a hoax.

Let those who complain of the monotony of watering places, patronize Long Branch after this. The people there have such a fine sense of humor!

Not Fair.

V. F. thinks it decidedly unfair in Postmaster Dix, to cut the throats of the Penny Postmen. The idea of sending all our love-letters and epistles of business over a slow route, just for the *ipse dixit* of a green Postmaster, is so very absurd that *Vanity Fair* must remonstrate. Uncle Sam is an old fellow who passes along like a tortoise. He ought to give way to the juveniles of the Boy (D) party. They do their work *to* the letter, as well as *with* the letter.

The Demi-Monde.

The *World*, Evening Edition.

DOG DAYS.

LATE announcement in the columns of a well-known sporting journal of this city, expounding the dog-pit and its high priest HARRY JENNINGS, informs us that:

"Tommy, the Coon, will be on hand for the accommodation of small dogs only."

Should that notice, or this, meet the eye of any Skye-terriers, pocket black-and-tan, toy bull-pup, small, fancy fox-dog, or any other of the condensed canine adaptations now so generally cultivated by nice men, we would advise the little creatures to avail themselves of "Tommy the Coon" to the greatest possible extent, while they have a chance. For, although we have but lately spoken of the small dog in terms of disparagement, on account of the unwarrantable manner in which he was beginning to intrude his little nose into the social mess—and a precious mess it is—yet has our sentiment with regard to him taken a compassionate turn, our hate to pity changed. And this because the small dog's days are numbered, and the smallness of their number is in proportion to the dog whose figure is thus reduced. Go in, little dogs! Go it, while you are small! For immediately on the consummation of a proximate event, out goes your fashion, and the next generation but three, in your immediate lineage, O! you diminutive, spindle-shanked, black-and-tan, will be ordained by Frank Butler into an entirely new article to be called a Renfrew spaniel, perhaps, thirty-six inches high at the shoulder, and with a tail curling over round and tight, like No. 9 on a spree.

The above train of sentiment has been induced by circumstances connected with the visit to this country of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, whom we, republicans and sinners as we are, shall not behold in that blaze of glory, however, but only in his dimmer effulgence as the Baron of Renfrew. It was upon the little island of Newfoundland that H. R. H. achieved his first foot-press of occidento-hemispheric soil; an island of which the only productions are big dogs and a smell of fish—of which the only import is port wine. The Esquimaux inhabiting the principal village on that island are a loyal and hospitable race. They must needs offer something to this Prince, but were puzzled what. Their principal Boole went in for the imported article and proposed port wine, but the motion was rejected, as H. R. H. doesn't indulge in vulgar habits. Then they fell back upon their production. One suggested a smell of fish; but as the Prince got that whether or no, and wasn't likely to want to carry it away with him, the mover was recommended to subside. The other production, then—a dog of the big and sagacious kind peculiar to the newly found island—was the only thing left to meet the exigencies of the case. They caught one in a net—everything is caught with nets in Newfoundland. They oiled him and combed him into shape; and, aided by a wild Indian of their council—probably a descendant of the missing Prince Madoc, of whom we read—they invested him with a silver collar, fashioned his feathery tail into a Prince of Wales, nodding plume, and presented it to their future monarch, with a suitable address in dog latin, engraved upon the entire skin of a whale. These are facts.

Quite the Cheese.

The classical reporter of the *Herald* in describing HEENAN at Jones' Woods, says, "the arm is like that of the Parmese Hercules." As Mr. HEENAN is "quite the cheese" now, should not this erudite reporter have said Parmesan?

Getting their Metal up.

The Ironmasters in Pennsylvania.

FARMERS ATTENTION!

New York, Aug. 16th, 1860.

Editors Vanity Fair:

SIR:—I have just read in your paper of the 18th inst., a letter of complaint from a countryman. Indeed, I think I may, with a perfect regard to truth and propriety, add that it was with astonishment mingled with a very altitudinous indignation that it was read.

Now, Sir, of what does Mr. J. FARMER complain? The whole pith of his wail is that country people are occasionally laughed at when they come to the city. Allow me to ask him why? Is it not rather queer, laughable, even, to see a man, with years enough to admit of his having some discretion, deliberately attempt to shut and fasten the door of an omnibus, which cannot, by any process of ingenuity, be shut and fastened? Why don't he use his eyes? Can he not see that there is *no* handle to turn? Oh! how slow a Jerseyman *can* be!

Sir, I am induced to believe that the incidents to which he alludes in his letter, occurred last summer, and the poor man has just begun to realize that he was then laughed at.

Suppose, sir, that we, (I say *We*, not as having been one of the laughers, but as one high minded citizen sustaining another through all circumstances,) suppose that we had been unable at that time to discover "where the laugh came in." And why in that instance any more than in another? Now, Sir, instead of laughing at a joke *next year or so* we make it a rule always to laugh the same day in which anything funny may happen, and Sir, to show what breeding and education will accomplish, there are persons now living in this city whose fine and rapid perceptions lead to an instantaneous laugh upon the perpetration of a good thing. How can a slow Jerseyman expect to keep anywhere within sight of people of such celerity?

I am prepared to prove that a countryman is *not* always greeted with a laugh. Sir, if I were a clergyman I think I could furnish at least three sermons of the proper length, on the great prevalence of profanity in large cities, caused entirely by the awkwardness of these very plaintive farmers. Why is it that we instinctively draw up our feet under the seat of an omnibus whenever we see one such about to enter or leave? His awkward, lumbering feet, seem actually to seek out your brightly polished boots in order to leave his mark—his nasty, red, Jersey mud upon them. Long suffering of generation after generation has finally created this instinct. Indeed, I think I could safely venture to predict the place of residence of any man, by simply noticing the action of his feet in an omnibus—especially if he sit near the door. Then, too, how many eyes have been sacrificed at the points of their infernal, big, blue umbrellas! Ye Gods! Laugh! Laugh, does he say? He may thank his stars that our sense of propriety forbids the application of those injured boots to aid him in his exit. And as for his paying his fare because he "saw everybody else paying theirs," I would like to make a small bet—a ham, for example—that he did not pay it until some kind citizen explained to him the cause of the driver's continued raps: and even then he had to ask "how much is it?" when the thing itself was staring him in the face—"PAY ON ENTERING—FARE 6 CENTS."

Then, MR. EDITOR, how he does gloat over the idea of those "young snobs" as he calls them, (he evidently never lived in a glass house) hoeing his corn, etc. What does he do with his old corn and berries when they are fit to eat? Who eats them and pays for them ten times their worth? Just those very same "young snobs." What would MR. J. FARMER and his JERUSHA do if there were no young snobs to eat his small crops and pay handsomely for it, too? If we cannot race on horseback with his SARAH JANE and he cannot see "the difference between a Foul'd and a Barége," then we are quits on that score.

And, finally, out of his iron inkstand will I condemn him. He starts with the charge that city people *always* laugh at country people, and a little further on he tells us of *one* of our city people who did not laugh at him, and if that one why not another and another, and if so what becomes of his sweeping charge?

MORAL:—When country people come to town let them remember where they are; when they are in Rome to do as the Romans do If they find themselves in Turkey that is no reason why they should make Geese of themselves.

In the consciousness of my own dignity, I am, Sir,

Very respectfully yours, COSMOPOLITE.

"Bless her, let her Go!"

While every one had an intimation that the foul bottom of weeds and barnacles of the Great Eastern had retarded her progress, it was not until the Cape May excursion, however, that the American public fully realized the number of TITE (tight) BARNACLES clinging to it.

VANITY FAIR.

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